

**CNAC**  
ASSOCIATION



# CANNON BALL

JULY 2010

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photo courtesy of family of Jeff Hanan

## ***News Flash! Road trip (or fly) to Dayton!***

The National Museum of the United States Air Force at Wright Patterson Air Force Base, Dayton, Ohio has planned a dedication of the permanent CNAC display for 4 PM, August 19, 2010, followed by a reception for all CNAC members and associates. They want as many CNAC personnel and associates to attend as possible. Currently 8 CNAC Captains plan to attend. Hopefully a large number of CNAC Association members will also attend.

***For details and information re: hotel discounts and dinner together on August 19, call Bill Maher at 517-740-8476 after 10 am eastern time***

## Next Stop San Francisco

By the time you read this, it will be less than 2 months until the 2010 CNAC Association reunion, taking place again at the Embassy Suites in Burlingame, CA, September 8-12. We are expecting many of the usual suspects, as well as some people we haven't seen in a while. You'll find all the information you need to register and make your reservations on the last page of this newsletter. Please do come if you possibly can. You know you'll have a great time, and we'll have an even better time, if you are there too!



Kunming circa 1943 (photo courtesy Diego Kusak)

## And Then, On to China

A midnight rendezvous for a flight to Hong Kong? So exotic! This is the enviable fate of 16 hearty souls who will grab their bags shortly after the closing banquet and head for the airport together for a two week journey of a lifetime. Following two nights in Hong Kong, the group departs for the Yunnan Province, spending time in Kunming, Baoshan, Pianma, and Dali. The final few days will be spent in Shanghai. This merry band includes:

Captain Moon Chin, accompanied by Jan Jin Lie

Craig Chinn, son of CNAC Captain Harold T. Chinn, and his wife Noelle

Russ Coldren, nephew and namesake of Captain Russ Coldren

Eve Coulson daughter of Captain Bert Coulson, and her husband Nelson Obus

Ted Elms, nephew of Captain Bob Sherwood

Bobby Goldsborough, WWII history buff, retired pilot, friend of Russ Coldren

Valerie Kendrick, daughter of CNAC Captain Len Parish

Shirley Mosley, daughter of CNAC Chief Mechanic Oscar Wilke 1929-40, 1945-49

Carol Slade, daughter of Chief pilot Chuck Sharpe, and her husband Jeff and daughter Amanda

Bob Willett, cousin of CNAC Pilot James S. Browne, and his wife Donna

We are grateful to the Willetts for organizing our travel plans and Diego Kusak (CNAC's Goodwill Ambassador to China, and son of Captain Steve Kusak) for everything he is doing to make this an unforgettable trip!

## TIGERS IN MALLORCA

by Diego Kusak, son of CNAC Captain Steve Kusak  
CNAC Association's Goodwill Ambassador to China

Living in Kunming is a great experience. Many Chinese love to ask questions about your life and where you come from. One of my favorite stories is to tell them why I love China so much. I usually start with the AVG and the Flying Tigers coming to Kunming in December 1941. How in July 1942 Bissell alienated so many Tigers and up to 23 of them ended up in CNAC. In 1943 my dad arrived to Kunming and found himself surrounded by the "real" Tigers and friendships developed. In 1949, when CNAC ended operations for the Americans, my dad went to CAT (Civil Air Transport). In CAT a group of pilots had friendships that dated back to 1941. In 1957, my dad and others went to Spain where they bought a castle and transformed it into a hotel. They built their homes around the castle. I was born into all of that.

Our homes were decorated with objects and furniture from China. We ate Chinese food at least 3 times a week and we learned to use chopsticks at a very young age. I want to believe that this group of men and women had something special. They had allowed China to change them. They were transformed by many things from Asia. I am sure that tons of behaviors and non-verbal communications were imbedded in them while living in China. I vividly remember the nights that the Rosberts and my parents would play cards by the fireplace in our home in Mallorca. When I go to small villages in Yunnan, and I see families gathering to play Mahjong until the wee hours of the night I feel just as I did back then.

Many here know the term "banana" to depict a yellow person that is white inside. It can be said as a good thing, but it usually has negative connotations. It means that a Chinese person has many of the negative qualities usually associated with white people. I tell them I am an "egg", white outside but yellow inside. They laugh and in fact they agree with me. "You are not a normal foreigner, you have heart," they tell me. That is one of the best compliments anyone ever told me in my life.

Furthermore, life in Kunming can be very rewarding as a son of CNAC. For example, taking taxis in Kunming is a great way to practice Chinese. You ask them about their day and they ask you about your life. Sometimes I say that my dad was a Hump pilot. On several occasions I have not been allowed to pay the fare because of it. They want to show respect and admiration for my dad's deeds. In many ways, I wish that so many of the nice things like this that have happened to me in the last 4 years could happen to all of you too. They don't simply belong to me. They belong to all of us in CNAC and many of you deserve

them more than me.

On the other hand, I am already meeting kids 12 to 19 who do not know the Flying Tigers or the Hump. It is very sad, but many of us are working to try to fix that. This September, Moon Chinn and group of CNAC second generation will come to Yunnan. It will be a great opportunity to help educate locals in our history. It will also be a great opportunity to see the China that I love before much of it disappears. To those that are not lucky enough to come with us I say: "hurry, come as soon as you can because a lot is changing in this corner of the world!"

(*contact Diego at [diegokusak@gmail.com](mailto:diegokusak@gmail.com) website <http://goldshy.com>)*

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MULLOY, RICHARD C. "DICK," 89, of Louisville, passed away Saturday, May 8, 2010 surrounded by his family. (photo of Dick Mulloy below, in China circa 1945)



In the late thirties and early forties Dick distinguished himself by playing in each of the most prestigious New Year's Day Bowl games-The Sugar Bowl in 1940, The Rose Bowl in 1939 and The Orange Bowl in 1938, all for the University of Tennessee.

While at Tennessee, he learned to fly, and in 1941 entered the civilian pilot training program, and later became a pilot instructor in the U.S. Army Primary Flying

School. Later during the War he went to work for Chiang Kai-Shek under contract to the Chinese National Airlines, flying "the Hump" across the Himalayas.

Following the war, Dick returned to Louisville and formed Kentucky Flying Service, located at Bowman Field. He built the organization over the years, operating out of the large hanger where they overhauled, maintained, and sold aircraft. In addition, Dick is generally credited with training more pilots than anyone else in that part of the country. In 1987, he sold the Kentucky Flying Service, and 1992 sold Helicopters Inc., completing 47 years of operations at Bowman Field.

Want to send a note to Dick's family? Write to his wife, Josephine Mulloy, 3533 Norbourne Blvd., Louisville, KY 40207.

## A note from Chief Navigator Al George's daughter, Karen Smith—

Hi Guys, thank you for your concern about Dad. Dad passed away last September after visiting with us here in Tennessee. He was in his last stage of prostate cancer. He had come down I thought with the flu while visiting and after a month here we sent him home feeling better. His back started hurting which I thought was due to his coughing, but my brother in Alameda and the Waters Edge people got concerned and his doctor put him the hospital. While the nurse was telling my brother about the radiation process, Daddy's heart stopped!!!!!! We feel he said no way and I am going off to Hoky Taw!!!!. Dad had always told me the story about Hoky Taw and I have read the wonderful poem on your web site. We still are in shock and when we look up at the stars, we know Daddy is looking down on us. He was very proud of his CNAC days and his friends. We are too!!!! Thank you for all your support and love. As you know, it has been so hard to let him go, He was a huge part of our farm here in Tennessee. He was the best dad, father-in-law, grandfather, and great grandfather we could ever have wanted. He had just turned 90 while visiting us in July. Take care of yourselves and please keep in touch.

Thanks again so very much, Karen

[to send a note---Karen Smith, 1872 West Ave,, Ste 102, Crossville, TN 38555]



When **Frank L. Higgs** (then known as Junior) graduated from Grandview High School in 1926, he became intrigued with airplanes and flight. After attending Ohio State (where he was nicknamed Dude), he joined the Army Air Corp and was deployed to China as a flight instructor. He left the Air Corp to work for the China National Aviation Corporation in 1941. He flew transports over Burma, and was credited with saving China's Madame Sun when he flew a daring rescue flight. He also flew Clare Boothe From Shanghai when the Japanese invaded. Many of his experiences were immortalized in Milton Caniff's

cartoon strip "Terry and the Pirates", in which Higgs was depicted as "Dude Hennick". He is shown in this photo, taken by Ms. Luce, standing in front of the Douglas transport with his Army issue automatic weapons. In October 1945, he died when the plane he was flying between Canton and Shanghai crashed into a mountain. Higgs was honored as one of Grandview's distinguished graduates.

## OLD PILOTS DON'T JUST FADE AWAY

by How Man Wong, President, China Exploration & Research Society

There are half a dozen bottles of Vernors inside the refrigerator. Under the brand name says "The original ginger soda". The brand is at least as old as Bill Maher as he purportedly drank it as a kid. And Bill is almost 91 years old. But these fizzy drinks inside the frig are in strangely shaped plastic bottles, all triangular rather than the round bottles we are more accustomed with.

"These are interesting shapes for the grip," I commented to Bill as I took one out to try. "Ummm! They are interesting alright, but they are usually round," answered Bill. I unscrewed the plastic cap and no fizz came out, but the twisted shape went back to round. I took one sip and it tasted like sweet syrup with the color of apple juice. I gave the cap a casual look. The expiration date was July 30, 2007. That was the same week I came visit Bill almost three years ago, when he piloted his last flight with me to the Oshkosh Wisconsin Air Show. At the time, Bill was just short of 88 years old!

Just then I realized the expired drink had lost all its carbonation thus resulted in the odd shape. Bill however has not lost his fizz. He took up the bottle and began drinking out of it. "It'll be alright, I have been drinking this thing all my life," Bill quipped casually as if to assure me. "You know, they took out this much of my intestine and now I just have this little left," he said as he spread his arms wide apart, then narrowed his palms to about a foot between them. That operation a year ago almost killed him.

"I was lying in the hospital, real upset with all these medication they administered and with tubes all over my face and body. I can't see a thing as my eyes were closed. I felt I was losing the battle and ready to go. My wife Marylee and my daughters were all around me. I signaled with my hands for them to unplug me, then gestured as if telling them to turn off the light switch, to let me go. Then I heard Marylee whispered in my ear '*I don't want you to go*'. Then I thought, that's funny, all my life she told me to go away and now she changed her mind! So I decided to hang in there, and stay I did," Bill recounted how he survived a major surgery a year ago.

Bill is among the old pilots of CNAC who flew the Hump during the darkest hours of the War. I have learned to respect their die-hard spirit which carried them throughout life with some of the most amazing stories ever told to me. The surviving few are all past their nineties and I make the best of every opportunity I have to visit them and listen to their tales. Tales that I feel strongly reinforce my own spirit in exploration and perseverance through some of the most trying times in my own life.

I had just flown in from New York, having visited another CNAC Hump pilot and old friend Peter Goutiere [with the author, on the right in the photo]. We had a wonderful lunch at Grand Central and exchanged stories. CERS has invited Pete back to China three times, such that we can document his stories from during the War. In return, Pete has donated many memorabilia of his early flying days to CERS



for our exhibit room on early aviation of China, now housed at the Exploration Museum in Old Town Shangri-la. On this trip, Pete gave me a DVD with footage he shot of old Calcutta during the War. Pete was born and raised in India. At 95, Pete is still very much alive though his steps may have slowed down a bit.

I kept telling these old friends that they must stay young, so as to continue being my inspirational model as I myself grow in age. Calling me "Hermie" as Pete always does, he said while snapping his fingers "I am ready to go at a moment's notice", as I challenged him to another tour of Yunnan to visit his old haunt of the Second World War. Next I would visit 97-year-old Moon in San Francisco. Captain Moon Chin who owned several airlines in his prime days is not only still driving, but planning his next trip to China this September.

At Bill's farm where I am staying, a sign on the wall reads "I am retired but I work part-time as a pain in the butt". The farm however is much older than Bill. It hailed from his ancestors who were pioneers from Ireland, first settling here in Michigan in 1834. "The original house was a log cabin built for 11 Dollars and a calf as payment, and I renovated it twenty years ago for 250,000 Dollars," said Bill



with a smile. "It was a rip off but I am glad it stayed together." The farm has been with the family for over 150 years, thus proclaimed a sign posted next to the gate by the Michigan Historical Commission.



The timelessness is perhaps epitomized by the wildlife which also makes the farm its home. From the kitchen I am writing from, I can see a pair of Sandhill Cranes, Canadian Geese, chipmunks, and a huge assortment of birds. The red tip and crown of the Woodpeckers and Red Cardinals stood out most brilliantly against the brown-chested Robin and Blue Jays. Just this morning, I saw seven white-tailed deer roaming

the field just a couple hundred meters from the house.

My conversation with Bill always turned back to CNAC and the Hump. "You know in those days, we were a bunch of misfits and difficult to rein in. That's why so many of us became very successful as entrepreneurs later on in life," Bill commented with a proud smile on his face. "Christy our old friend got himself fired as CNAC rule prohibited any pilot from getting married while in their service, and he married a ballerina from Calcutta," Bill began filling in some missing history which were new to me.

"At his funeral a couple years back, I delivered the eulogy", Bill added. "I opened with Christy was a son-of-a-bitch. But he was *our* son-of-a-bitch and we liked him. Jane his wife really liked what I said". Jane was a member of the American Volunteer Group, better known as the Flying Tigers. She was one of two nurses who cared for these rowdy pilots in China during the War.

From his closet, Bill brought out a brown leather jacket. "Now this is an authentic A-2 flight jacket. I had it made in England. The Blood Chit in the back is also authentic. They only use horse leather for these jackets. Other jackets for the Air Force are made from thinner hide of sheep," said Bill as he handed it over to me as a gift for our museum. The Blood Chit is the patch stitched to the back of such jacket, with emblem of the China Nationalist and writings in Chinese asking people to assist aviators in case they were shot down or crashed.

As Bill was driving me to a restaurant for dinner, I started worrying about his sense of coordination at such age. There were a few times he rounded the corner so fast that we almost went off the road. Three years ago, I had noted his flying was much safer than his driving as the sky was big and there were nothing to hit. Now in his 1992 Cadillac, we were speeding down the wooded road. "I was going to fly again for my 90<sup>th</sup> birthday but Marylee's condition wasn't well, so I did not make it to do my physical in order to renew my license." Bill lamented with a little regret in his tone.

I asked whether it was easy to pass such physical exam. "No sweat at all. You know, at my age I had been to ten funerals of my physicians and I am still



around,” Bill answered proudly. With that, he offered to fly me if I would come around for his 91<sup>st</sup> birthday. That indeed would be some excitement to look forward to.

There is an old black-and-white photo affixed to the same refrigerator that holds the expired Vernor Ginger Soda. A few printed words on it said, *Flying High at*



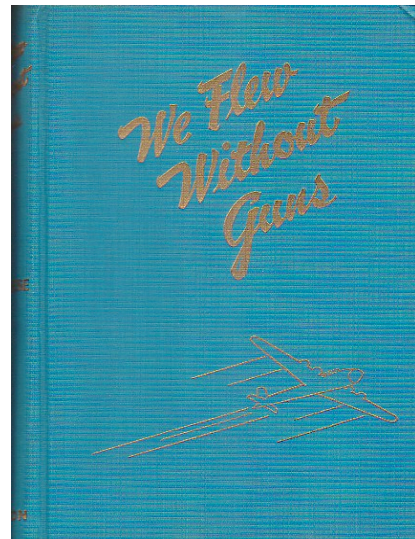
*90*. It was a young Bill Maher in his flight suit and goggles. The year was 1943 when he was a flight instructor at Purdue University during the War. Almost seventy years later, this aviator still yearns to take to the sky. With such age and vintage, he is naturally closer to heaven. I would gladly go as a passenger, if it would only be in a plane. Just like life,

getting off is the easy part. It is coming in on the landing that would be the ultimate test. And Bill has done it a thousand times.

(contact How Man at [cers@biznetvigator.com](mailto:cers@biznetvigator.com), website [www.cers.org.hk/](http://www.cers.org.hk/) )

## Gen Genovese

Tom Moore recently got word from Robert “Bob” Larson of the passing of J. Gen Genovese on April 10, 2010 near Burbank, California. He was cremated and his ashes were spread in the Pacific Ocean. He had turned 99 on January 10<sup>th</sup>. Valerie Parish Kendrick recalled that he wrote a book *We Flew Without Guns* sometime in the late 1950’s: “I was at my grandparents’ house in Texas when the book arrived, and I remember how excited they were to get their autographed copy. The book was peacock blue with a C-46 on the bottom right corner of the cover. He was one of the pilots who kept in touch with my grandparents. Few people knew that Gen was a very successful businessman. On a well-thought-out whim, he started a tuxedo rental business in the US. He opened many stores and he did very well.”



## RETURN TO DINJAN



Tom Moore recently received this photo of the CNAC bungalow in Dinjan, courtesy of Robin Chaterlee. The photo below is of the old ATC building. A sign outside provides a brief lesson in the history of the building:

*The oldest reference of operational role of this vintage ATC building was during period 1940-45 primarily in support of British and US allied aircraft operations. The famous air supply operations code named "Over the Hump" operation was conducted from Dinjan airfield and controlled from this vintage ATC tower. After 1967 during long non-operational period, this ATC building was covered by thick jungles until rediscovered and resurrected in May 05.*



## A Letter from Oliver Glenn

*When I called to get permission from Oliver to print this in the Cannonball, we had a nice chat. Among other things, he said, "I don't know how you feel about religion...but I think the Lord has been good to me, don't you?" I agreed, and would add, and we've all been equally blessed to know you! You may wonder about my editing instincts when you begin to read about his back problems, but I thought his solution (basically, hang from the rafters!) was worth passing along, and the letter as a whole, enjoyable to read. So, enjoy! Eve*

Dear Valerie:

4/21/10

Rosemary passed away Good Friday just before Easter. We had 68 great years together (just 3 weeks shy of our 68<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary). She was in China two years and enjoyed every minute of it.



1918 - 2010  
"Flights of angels sing thee to thy rest"  
William Shakespeare

When you don't need a job, you get the best one. As secretary to the Naval attaché in the American Consulate in Shanghai, she had three or four parties a week in long dresses. When I was in town, I was invited; when I was out she went with the attaché, as he was a bachelor. She had dresses made for the occasions. She got *Vogue* and *Harpers Bazaar* from the States in diplomatic mail and had a wonderful Chinese tailor make her copies of the latest fashions. As I am clearing out her closets, I cry when I see some of those dresses and remember the good times she had when she wore them.

You mentioned your husband's trouble with his back. I have fought back problems (sciatica) for forty years and kept it in remission. I first experienced it many years ago and had some pain for a couple of days, maybe once or twice a year. Later it got more painful and more frequent. The doctor, who was a little gal not far past internship just about wore out one of those little rubber triangular hammers doctors like to use to pound you on the knee to see if your leg will kick up. The left leg worked fine but the right one no soap. The MRI showed some of the discs in the lower 5 vertebrae were squeezed, not herniated, but squeezed enough to give those nerves coming out of the spine to go down the leg a fit. Her boss, the senior doctor, gave me some exercises to stretch those discs and it fixed the problem. Besides his exercises, I grab an overhead bar and lift most of my weight off my legs for fifteen or twenty seconds every morning. "Viola", very little back pain for the rest of the day. You might try it, do it very gradually.

Valerie, you might ask what the hell Rosemary was doing saving those dresses fifty years, but those were treasures. Beaded, embroidered etc. Labor in Shanghai was cheap, and there were many hours in each of those dresses.

Thanks for the news about Maher, Grundy, Sherwood, Ced Mah. My health has been great and I'm looking forward to the reunion this September. I don't have any known physical problems and promise my doctor I'll be his patient until I'm a hundred or more. He laughs and says, "Well, maybe." Regards, Oliver Glenn

In Memory of  
*Rosemary M Glenn*  
1918 - 2010

*Born to John Haslauer and Lola O'Conner  
on October 1, 1918, in New Orleans, Louisiana.  
Rosemary met Oliver Glenn on February 14, 1941 and  
they married on April 26, 1942 on the Naval  
Air Station Pensacola, Florida.*

*Rosemary and Oliver have  
three sons, Gayle, Larry and Forrest*

*From 1947 - 1949 Rosemary was the  
Secretary to the Naval Attache in Shanghai, China*

*When she returned to the states, she attended  
Los Angeles Valley College where she received  
her Associates of Arts Degree.*

*She will be missed by all of us!*



### FROM THE ARCHIVES OF JEFF HANAN

(courtesy of Timothy, Rick, Patrick and Rose Hanan)

Jeff Hanan's family recently sent us a number of photos and documents to add to the website, including this one below and those on the following page. Jeff is the man in both photos on the left, next page, the top photo, in Calcutta.





**VISIT THE CNAC WEBSITE TODAY**

Do not let computer anxiety keep you from this wonderful repository of information, created for us over 10 years ago by Tom Moore. You simply won't believe what you will find there! The website address is [www.cnac.org](http://www.cnac.org).

## The Birth of the CNAC Association

*[I found the following in the Cannonball archives, which is what I call those interesting boxes in my attic full of CNAC history. I acquired them when Reg Farrar died, and therefore could not longer edit the Cannonball, and I was appointed to take over. I'm fairly certain Reg wrote this. It provides an interesting glimpse at the beginnings of our organization--Eve]*

I visited Natalie Mickelson. I guess it began one May in Maine in 1952. She and her husband owned the Casco Bay Trading Post in Freeport, Maine. Each visit we asked of anyone we had known. I thought someone should get the group together. To me almost anyone else would be more appropriate. On one visit, she said, "why not you?" and I, at last, agreed. We contacted Howard Dean and pooled our lists. Christmas Day 1952 I mailed letters to each name. The response was astounding. We got back over 100 names and addresses. One letter told me of a reunion of the AVG in May 1953. I suggested we meet with them. My idea was rejected by their president, but I was told there was no reason we couldn't meet at another hotel down the street. I wrote the list we had suggesting that anyone who wanted to come was welcome.

The first day I sat at the table in the hotel, registering each who came. I could not believe who came. They came from Texas, California, Michigan, Florida, and elsewhere. This movement, which I had wistfully started induced so many to come. These added to the AVG members. We all attended the AVG banquet and then May 15 had dinner at the House of Chan. This was the most exciting meeting we have ever had. I was elected the first president. Fifteen minutes later I resigned and Red Holmes was elected president.

We chose Mac as the honorary president. Red Holmes called on each one for a story of those days. We tried to duplicate this but never quite made it. We set the pattern of reunions every two years. The next was at the Fontainebleau in Miami Beach. This brought out the many who were local. Zack Mosley of Flying Jack Comic Strip. In the meantime, we found Pappy was working in Newark. He came to Florida and appears in the photo as he usually stood in the front row in the middle. George Hamel, Mr. Bond, Mac were there. Ray Allen made his only appearance. Rocky Roncaglione invited us to his restaurant "The Tail of the Tiger" in Fort Lauderdale. Roy Farrell was elected our third president. We were on our way.

## Help us keep the Cannonball coming your way

The facts—we have about 230 people who receive the Cannonball. Each issue costs at least \$600 including postage, and much more when we include some color. We depend on dues to help cover the cost. A donation (payable to CNAC Association—see mailing address next page) above and beyond the dues would be greatly appreciated! And even if you don't pay dues, but enjoy the Cannonball, a contribution of any amount would mean so much!

**COME ONE, COME ALL!  
CNAC ASSOCIATION REUNION 2010**

September 8-12, 2010  
(Sunday, September 12—breakfast and goodbyes)

Where: Embassy Suites  
150 Anza Boulevard, Burlingame, CA 94010  
(650) 342-4600

Reservations: Call Rachel Fuller, Sales Dept. TODAY!  
(650) 292-7371  
Ask for your special CNAC room Rate of \$109.00

What: Registration Start Sept. 8 at 1:30  
Presentations, fun, socializing, Thursday, Friday, & Saturday

Friday: Cocktails by the Pool & Dinner at Moon's House,  
**reservation required for planning purposes; we are Moon's guests**

Saturday Evening: CNAC Banquet (at hotel) Reservation (\$55 per person)  
**required by August 30<sup>th</sup>**

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CNAC Reunion 2010 Registration

Registration Fee: \$55.00 per person      Number of people \_\_\_\_ Total \$\_\_\_\_\_

Yearly Dues      \$40.00      Number of people \_\_\_\_ Total \$\_\_\_\_\_

**Optional donation to support Cannonball publication\***      \_\_\_\_\_

Saturday Banquet \$55.00 per person      Number of people \_\_\_\_ Total \$\_\_\_\_\_

Grand total \$\_\_\_\_\_

Friday Dinner - Moon Chin Host      Number of people \_\_\_\_ (we are Moon's guests)  
(check payable to CNAC Association)

Mail to: Valerie Parish Kendrick – CNAC  
252 South Main St.  
Willits, CA 95490

Phone 707 459-5165

email [rosebud@saber.net](mailto:rosebud@saber.net)

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Somewhere over the Hump/B. Sherwood

